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The Oxford Democrat

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BY
GEO. H. WATKINS,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Jan 1, 77

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

RETHER HILL, ME.

Office over Kimball's store.

Office at the house and hotel a specialty.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Jan 1, 77

A. S. TWITCHELL, ALFRED R. EVANS,

Commissioners for Me.

TWITCHELL & EVANS,

Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,

LOWMAN, N. H.

Will attend to business in the Courts of N. H. and Oxford County.

Jan 1, 77

E. NOCH FOSTER, JR.,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Jan 1, 77

S. R. BUTCHINS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Jan 1, 77

S. W. FIFE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

FRYBARGER, ME.

Commissioner for New Hampshire. Jan 1, 77

G. D. BEEBE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Jan 1, 77

F. W. KIDSON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

KIDSON FALLS, ME.

Will practice in Oxford and York Cos. Jan 1, 77

JAMES S. WRIGHT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

PARISHILL, ME.

Collections promptly made. Also, special attention given to business in Probate Court. 11-77

O. K. YATES, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

WEST PARIS, ME.

Office at residence, west side of river. 11-77

O. N. BRADBURY, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

NORWAY, ME.

Residence and office at the house lately occupied by Dr. Peabody. Jan 1, 76-77

I. ROUNDS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Office at residence first house above Congregational Church. Jan 1, 77

MAINE HYGIENIC INSTITUTE.

Devoted Exclusively to Female Invalids.

WATERFORD, ME.

W. P. SHATTUCK, M. D., Superintendent Physician and Operating Surgeon. All interested will please send for Circular. Jan 1, 77

WILLIAM DOUGLASS,

Deputy Sheriff for Oxford & Cumberland Cos.

WATERFORD, ME.

All precepts by mail will receive prompt attention. Jan 1, 77

JAMES W. CHAPMAN,

DEPUTY SHERIFF & CORONER,

KIDSON FALLS, ME.

Business by mail promptly attended to. 11-77

D. G. P. JONES,

DENTIST,

NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

Tooth inserted on Gold, Silver or Vulcanized Rubber. Jan 1, 77

D. C. R. DAVIS,

SURGEON DENTIST.

Will be located the fourth Monday in every month, and remain four days. Jan 1, 77

P. F. GREEN, M. D.,

Homeopathic Physician & Surgeon,

SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Dr. G. refers to any of the leading Homeopathic physicians in Maine or Massachusetts. 11-77

W. DOUGLASS,

DEPUTY SHERIFF,

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All business by mail or otherwise will be attended to promptly. 11-77

DICKLAND HOWE,

INSURANCE AGENT,

NORWAY, ME.

Risks effected in all the leading Companies at favorable rates. Feb 18 77 13

Poetry.

REALITY.

FROM "MIRZA SHAFFY."

I sang of woman's beauty,
I sang of foaming wine
And jolly midnight revels;
Rebounding praise was mine.
But when my song believing,
I drew in Beauty's locker,
And drained the flowing goblet,
Men scorned me from that hour.

—Harper's.

How Old?

BY EDEN R. BAKFORD.

"How old are you?" A child whose eyes
Still hold some hint of heaven's fair skies,
Some memory of the life they knew
Ere earth-life dawned upon their view,
Chimes up into my lap to say,
"How old are you?" this winter day.

Dear child, how can I answer you,
And make my answer seem most true?
For I count my life by years,
And not by sorrow and by tears,
Then I am not so old to-day
As some whose youth has slipped away.
But, child, if I should count my life
By sorrow and by bitter strife,
By tears that fell when dear ones died,
By pain and loss and love denied,
Oh, child with hair like morning's gold!
Then I have grown so old—so old!

The Waving of the Corn.

Ploughman, whose gnarly hand yet kindly
Whooled,
Thy plough to ring this solitary tree
With clover, whose round plait, reserved a field,
In cool green rains twice my length may be—
Sweeping the corn thy furrows close might yield,
To pleasure August bees, fair thoughts, and me,
That here come out together—daily I,
Stretching prone in summer's mortal ecstasy,
Do sit with thanks to thee, as this morn.

With waving of the corn.

Unseen, the farmer's boy from round the hill
Whistles a snatch that rocks his soul unsought,
And fills some time with tune, howled still;
The cricket teels straight on his simple thought—
Nay, 'tis the cricket's way of being still;
The peevish bee drones in, and gossips naught:
Far down the wood, a one-desiring dove
Times me the beating of the heart of love:
And these be all the sounds that mix, each morn,
With waving of the corn.

From here to where the tender passions dwell,
Green leagues of lonely separation roll;
Trade ends where you far clover ridges swell,
Ye tender towns, are claim the trembling soul
To rest, cradles all to lay or stand or sell,
From out your deadly common quietude
To company with large amiable trees,
Suck honey summer with unbroken bees,
And take Time's strokes as softly as this morn
Takes waving of the corn.

—Harper's.

Selected Story.

LONE TREE DELL.

Strange possibilities spring from minute causes in our lives, and we, who can only see the future as revealed to us, grope blindly, never dreaming that upon the most trivial things hang our entire lives for weal or woe.

Little did the Rev. Spencer Selby imagine as he was summoned one dark, wind-swept October night, to administer consolation to poor old Mrs. Flynn, who lay dying, that out of the thick gloom through which he was struggling would come to him a revelation never dreamed of in his philosophy.

Seated before the cheerful study fire, listening to the complaining winds, and feeling a sense of security and comfort, he had drifted deep into abstract speculation, when the summons came. And it was not strange that he left his cozy home upon such a night only from a sense of duty.

"The wind is like a knife, sir, as you will find, and it is best to be on the safe side," said the housekeeper, "for if I miss not my guess, it will rain before midnight," and with the prophecy she closed the door upon the poor man who (as she declared to a familiar gossip again and again) "did not know enough to take care of himself, learned as he was."

For a time the lantern revealed fitfully and dimly the way, when he turned aside from the well beaten village street into the path leading through Lone Tree Dell, and to the cottage beyond. Then a sudden gust of wind more fierce than the former, nearly robbed him of breath, lifted him from his feet, and extinguished the light, leaving him with the sense of having been swallowed by the intense darkness. And for a time he was only conscious of progressing in the right direction. Presently, however, his eyes became accustomed to the change, and he could dimly discern the way, and began a more systematic march onward, when, to his surprise, he distinctly saw the light form of a woman gliding on in advance of him, with her garments beating about her delicate limbs and flapping in the wind. This much he determined as a drifting cloud let through the rifts a gleam of starlight: Could this have been the messenger from Flynn's? Was the poor young thing thus braving storm and night alone? he would speak to her—would assure her of his company and protection. At the very moment his voice went out upon the winds the swiftly moving clouds blotted out the little light they had permitted, and blackness, as the wing of a bat, shut out everything again. He could do nothing but stumble on, trusting that the girl's way would take her safely home. While the fact of his following so closely would give her a sense of security; and again he called to her.

Scarcely had these reflections passed through his mind before the scudding clouds once more revealed portions of

the starlight sky, and the path became visible. But the female figure he expected to see struggling on before him, and which he thought to overtake that he might lend his strong arm to support, could not be discovered—the path winding plainly ahead for a considerable distance was before him, but that was all. That the girl could have outstripped him was impossible. The glimpse he had obtained of her revealed a slight petite form, and one whose strength was unequal to the struggle of making much headway against such a tempest. That she must have wandered from the beaten path seemed evident; and, pausing, he peered around in every direction. Nothing but a waste of low land, lying between the hills, with a single tree in its center, and from which it had taken its name, met his sight.

A thought of the story of the ghost said to haunt this lonely spot, because of the murder of a rich traveler near the lonely tree, flitted through his mind, but only to be smothered down by the next instant as a bit of superstitious nonsense of the ignorant villagers. And then even the most credulous had never supposed to have seen anything but the spirit of the murdered man, with his gaping wounds, and this especial apparition was surely a woman; and though she had mysteriously disappeared, he had not a doubt of her being tangible flesh and blood.

Upon arriving at his destination he spoke of the messenger having outstripped him in some unaccountable manner to Father Flynn, and questioned as to which of the tall lasses (who were clustered around the tree with tear-swollen faces, for their mother lay dying) it was that had been so swift of foot and so brave.

For some moments the old man stared at the minister with vacant expression. Then it changed to a troubled one, and shaking his head, he sank his voice almost to a whisper as he replied: "It was neither of them, sir. A forty-horse power couldn't draw one of my girls through Lone Tree Dell after dark."

"Who came for me?" questioned Mr. Selby.

"One of the Smith boys, and he 'lowed he'd be all right with one of his chums. It was so dark, and mother so bad, and kept wishing for ye, that I thought maybe ye wouldn't mind coming!"

"You don't put no dependence on that air ghost story. Though to be plain with you, sir, some strange things happen down by that lone tree after dark."

The incredulous smile upon the face of Mr. Selby answered him, and brought out a fresh protest.

"I've lived here going on ten years, and I tell you some mighty strange things have been goin' on down there."

A groan from the sufferer, whose feet were standing near the river's bank and waiting only for the summons, interrupted the revelation, and drew all to the bedside. Scents of this kind were becoming familiar to the young pastor, yet they were always inexplicably sad and solemn.

Upon this occasion, eloquent were his exhortations and prayers, as he spoke words of cheer and comfort. Then, as the invalid sank into the lethargy which precedes death he took his departure, leaving her to the ministrations of kind neighbors and friends.

The wind had somewhat abated when he turned his steps homeward through the glen, and the grief of the poor family he had just left was pressing upon his mind to the exclusion of all else until he had accomplished half the distance, and had reached the vicinity of the lone tree. Then the fact of the mysterious appearance near the spot of some unknown female forced itself upon him unpleasantly, and he involuntarily looked around. At the moment a low moon broke through the pauses of the wind with emphatic distinctness, and caused the cheeks of the brave pastor to grow a shade more pale, and his hair to slightly rise.

And it cannot be denied that for an instant Mr. Selby meditated taking to his heels in ignominious flight. It is to be presumed that he would never have acknowledged, even to himself, that such was the fact; and upon second thought he resolved to investigate the matter, and ignore all ghostly stories.

Accordingly, he turned his steps to the lone tree from which the sound came, and to his consternation distinctly discerned the identical woman, or girl, who had flitted like a vision before him upon his coming.

The figure was half reclining against the rough trunk of the tree, and upon his addressing it, he received a low moan for a reply. Some poor creature had wandered from the path, and was nearly perished from the storm and cold. Stopping, he gathered her up in his arms, and carried her to his home, where he knew a good fire in his study was awaiting him, even if his careful housekeeper had retired.

Now and then a slight moan or shiver of the delicate form within his arms proclaimed life and returning animation as he strode rapidly forward. But he made no pause until he had accomplished the distance, and placed his burden in a great arm-chair before the cheerful blaze, and disclosed to his wondering vision the face of a noted beauty—Diana Danforth!

puzzled face of the handsome young pastor.

"Miss Danforth, is it possible?" he exclaimed. "I will arouse my housekeeper. You are ill and—"

"No, no. Do not retreat," exclaimed she, in a dazed, frightened manner.

"Of course I will oblige you in every way possible; only tell me what I can do for you. Shall I take you home? Will you have a glass of wine?" questioned he.

"No, thank you, sir. Only tell me how I came here."

"I found you lying by the lone tree in the dell, partially insensible, and thoroughly chilled with the cold."

"Oh, I remember it all now," said she, covering her face with her hands, as if to shut out some hateful vision, while a thrill seemed to pervade her frame; and when she again removed her hands she grew so deadly pale that the pastor disappeared and brought a glass of wine; which he gently forced her to drink.

"I think I will go home, now," said she, somewhat strengthened by the draught, "but first, Mr. Selby, will you promise not to tell any one what has happened on this occasion?"

"I am safe in making the promise," he returned with a smile, "since I am in ignorance of how you came out in Lone Tree Dell at midnight, and in a fainting, perishing condition."

"I know it must seem very strange, but that is just what I want you to keep a secret, and of having been brought hither, even from your housekeeper," and again a crimson blush mantled the beautiful face.

"Certainly I will promise you that, Miss Danforth," thinking how more than interesting she looked in her confusion. She had always seemed so self-possessed almost boldly, that this now timid face was a study and a puzzle to the impressive pastor.

"I think I will go now," she said, rising and adjusting her shawl and hat. Then in a most womanly fashion, wholly incomprehensible to Mr. Selby, she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears, and sank back again into the chair.

But this indulgence of weakness, she permitted only for an instant. With a wonderful self-command she dried her eyes, looked upon her companion with a smile so sweet and pathetic that he had all he could do to refrain from indulging in some nonsense in the way of sympathy and condolence that would have been quite unbecoming to one of his cloth—to say nothing of the time and place.

"I am sure you do not know what to think of me," she exclaimed, "and I fear I have forfeited all claims to your esteem and respect."

"Do not be too certain of that, Miss Diana. I am very sorry for you, especially as you seem to have some deep trouble."

"I think I ought to tell you how I came to be in Lone Tree Dell at such an unreasonable hour. Indeed, your kindness is entitled to some explanation. But that can be given on my way home, for I shall trespass upon you so far as to ask your escort. I am not so brave as I was when I left home in the evening."

Again she rose to depart, the pastor expressing pleasure in being permitted to attend her. The wind had subsided, and the stars looked tranquilly down. The way, so dark and desolate previously, was now bright with the moonlight. When they had fairly started, Diana commenced her story by the question: "Do you believe in ghosts, Mr. Selby?"

"Not in the least, Miss Danforth, although to-night I saw one."

"Down in the Dell?"

"Yes, Miss Danforth; but, if you please, I will hear about your ghost first, it may prove a solution to mine."

"You must be aware, Mr. Selby, that this in the old country is called Hallowe'en night. Several of my girl friends were spending it with me, sitting up late and telling tales of strange tests and old legends gathered from our grandmother, and finally we concluded to try some of them. We placed chestnuts in the fire, and in the event if any we had named popped out, we were to eat the nut in silence before the glass in an adjoining chamber, with the expectation of seeing the face of our future husband appear over our shoulder. This, of course seems very silly to you, as it did to me. Yet when one of the nuts popped out of the fire to my very feet, I declared I would do anything the girls commanded—save the foolish trial of the looking-glass. All taunted me with cowardice, and I declared I would go and bury the nut at the foot of the lone tree in the haunted dell. That being as severe a test of one's courage as could be afforded, they accepted the challenge, and dared me to do it, declaring that if on to-morrow they found the nut at the designated spot, they would concede to me the crown of bravery. Little dreaming that I would dare attempt such an undertaking. My spirits were up, and though the night was dark and the wind blew fiercely through the dell, I resolved that nothing should deter me. Accordingly, I wrapped myself up, and knowing every step of the way, was soon in the path leading to my destination."

A brief pause, as if to collect her thoughts and she resumed. "As I left every human habitation behind, and the dense darkness of the night settled down about me, my courage began to cool,

and I regretted that I had been so foolhardy. All stories of the supernatural visitants of the lonely spot arose in my mind, and filled me with intense dread. I longed to turn back and fly homeward, but the fear of ridicule determined me to go on at all hazards."

"It was a dangerous experiment," suggested her companion.

"Yes, very. But I reached the lone tree, and was congratulating myself that I should soon accomplish the task and be at home again, for as upon going I faced the wind, upon my return I would be driven by it. But all at once the clouds lifted, and I could plainly distinguish the surroundings. The solitary tree standing in the midst of desolation outstretched its leafless branches as if to grasp me. Then came a cry like nothing I ever heard before, and which struck terror to my very heart, and glancing over my shoulder I distinctly saw a tall form pursuing me. Then again the darkness shut out everything and I only recalled flying out of the path and reaching the tree and sinking at its roots more dead than alive. I dropped the nut I had grasped in my hand and strove to rise and flee. But at the moment that terrible cry swept again upon the glen, and I felt something like ice closing round me, my limbs refused to sustain me, and I sank down among the dead leaves and knew nothing more until I felt myself lifted in human arms and the voice of kindness sounding in my ears. Yet even then I did not know whence it came, so death like must have been my swoon. I did not know who was my preserver until I opened my eyes upon your face. Now you know my whole story, Mr. Selby, and know how foolish and wickedly daring I have been. But you can never know how grateful I am that you found and rescued me, and to my dying day I shall never forget this night, or that I have seen the ghost that haunts Lone Tree Dell."

The minister knew, from the trembling of the little hand upon his arm, how truly she believed what she had seen and suffered. They had reached the gate of her home when she ceased speaking. The moon looked radiantly down and disclosed the fearful and pale face of Diana Danforth. Taking her hand in both of his, Mr. Selby explained to her that he was the ghost—indeed said much more than he intended, and at the last found himself going through a more tender leaving taking than had ever entered his wildest dreams. And when he again stood beside the chair in his study so recently occupied by Diana Danforth, he looked upon it as forever hallowed, for the dear girl had promised to sit by his bedside all the days of her life, and to brighten it with her smile and presence.

As for the test, at the foot of the lone tree in the dell the companion of Diana found the half-burned chestnut, but what had caused such a prolonged absence of the ghost she would never tell. The secret was locked in the breasts of the two whose interest was to keep it inviolate. Yet to each other they would often speak of both ghost and Lone Tree Dell with pleasant smiles.

A Letter from Professor Proctor on the Sea-Serpent.

DEAR MRS. DODGE: I enclose in your "Letter-Box" a paragraph about the sea-serpent, inserted at the request of one of your young correspondents. The paragraph does not quite correctly represent what I actually said; but that does not much matter. I think it may interest your readers, however, to jot down a few facts, some of which are not commonly known, I believe, while others are commonly overlooked or forgotten. In passing let me remark that the circumstances mentioned in the paragraph were quoted from an essay by Dr. Andrew Wilson, the well-known Scottish naturalist.

1. A great number of foolish stories have been told about the sea-serpent by anonymous hoaxers, so that—

2. Persons of known name are apt to be ashamed, rather than otherwise, to describe any sea-serpent (or appearance) which they supposed to be the sea-serpent. Yet—

3. In 1817, eleven Massachusetts witnesses of good repute gave evidence on oath before magistrates (one of whom corroborated the evidence from his own observation) about a serpentine creature seventy or eighty feet long, seen in some cases within a few yards. It presented all the features afterward described by the officers of the "Duchess."

4. In 1833 five British officers record a similar experience.

5. In 1848 the captain of a British frigate sent to the Admiralty an official description of such a creature, seen (by himself and his officers) traveling past his ship, close by, so that he "could have recognized the features" of a human person at the distance "with the naked eye."

6. Captain Harrington and his officers saw such a creature in 1858 under such circumstances that he says: "I could not more be deceived than (as a seaman) I could mistake a porpoise for a whale."

7. The story last related, marvelous though it is (rejected by myself on that account, when first received, as a probable hoax), has been deposited to on oath by all who were on board the "Pauline" at the time. The captain of the "Pauline" writes to me that, instead of being anxious to tell the story, he, and his officers

and crew, were in twenty minds to keep it to themselves, knowing that they would be exposed to ridicule, and worse.

8. It is certain that creatures of the kind—i. e., not sea-serpents, which few believe in, but sea-serpents—were formerly numerous. (See Lyell's "Stenostracodon," "Lias, Plesiosaurus Dolichodactylus.")

9. Of other creatures numerous at the same time, occasional living specimens are still found. (See Lyell—Lias Chimera.)

10. Agassiz ("Zoologist," p. 2395) states that it would be in precise conformity with analogy that such an animal as the Eosaurus (which, see Professor Winchell's "Sketches of creation," p. 178, would precisely resemble the sea-serpent as described) should exist still in the American seas.

11. Of several existent sea creatures only very few specimens have ever been seen (in some cases only one).

With these, and many like facts before us, we may believe that the above-mentioned observers were deceived, and doubt whether any Eosaurus continue to exist. But there is no scientific reason for denying the possibility of their existing, and being occasionally seen. The foolish stories told by hoaxers have no bearing on the case one way or the other; at least, they should have no bearing with those who can reason aright.

Yours truly,

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

"Letter-Box," St. Nicholas for August.

Jenny Lind at Fifty-Six.

In a letter to a friend in Paris, Jenny Lind now fifty-six years old, writes from Dresden, where she now lives, as follows: "I must tell you that God has given my dear husband and myself an adorable little girl, born on the 31st of March last. She is the perfect image of health and happiness. She laughs and crows to a manner to delight all sympathetic hearts. We have given her a little Katharine among her other names, but we call her Jenny. I need not say in honor of whom. Our boy Walter will be four years old the 9th of August next. He is an intelligent and very intelligent,

Potato Bug!

have come to the conclusion that

FARMERS

AND OTHER MEN
are not fully aware that:

Wool Has Advanced,

Nearly One-Half.

Consequently

CLOTHING,

must be very much higher, and I will say to all in want of clothing for men or boys, that for the next

30 DAYS

I will sell clothing at

SLAM BANG PRICES!

regardless of cost. I have a

FULL LINE OF

CLOTHING

OF ALL GRADES,

and I am going to sell it

Very LOW for CASH

for the next 30 days.

REMEMBER.

30 Days from July 26th,

and not one day over.

MY FALL STOCK

will come in then, and my prices will be

FALL PRICES.

In accordance with the above, I will request all who are indebted to me, to call and settle the same before August 26th, 1877, or their bills will be left with my lawyer for collection. I mean it. They will be left, no matter who the man is. I must have my pay.

E. C. ALLEN,

NORWAY ME.

Closing out Sale.

Dry and Fancy Goods

at Prices to Suit.

We have just ordered an immense stock of Dry and Fancy Goods, for Fall and Winter, to be delivered about Sept. 1st.

Our store is full now, and in order to make room for the above, we shall offer our entire stock of

Summer Goods,

for the next 30 days, regardless of cost. Now is the time to buy.

We shall not give a long list of prices for others to copy from, but will ask you to call and examine our goods and prices. Then you will be convinced that we mean what we say.

All orders by mail will receive our prompt attention.

Send for Samples.

J. A. RODICK & CO.,

No. 2, Flint and Tracy's Block, LEWISTON, - MAINE.

(3 doors South of P. O.)

July 31, 1877.

In the matter of James W. F. McKenney, Bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that the second general meeting of the creditors of said bankrupt, will be held before John W. May, Registrar, at the office of Geo. A. Wilson, in Portland, on the twenty-eighth day of August, A. D. 1877, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and that the third general meeting will be held at the same place, on the twenty-fifth day of September, at ten o'clock, A. M.

GEO. A. WILSON, Assignee.

So. Paris, Aug. 11th, 1877. 14 3W

Administrators' Sale.

PURSUANT to a license from the Honorable Judge of Probate, within and for the County of Oxford, I shall sell at public auction, on the premises, in the town of Buckfield, on Saturday the fifteenth day of September next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the real estate of which Volney Ripley, late of said County, died seized and possessed.

ELIZA W. J. RIPLEY, Administratrix.

Buckfield, Aug. 13, 1877. 21 3W

DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES—DISTRICT OF MAINE.

In the matter of James W. F. McKenney, Bankrupt.

This is to give notice that a petition has been presented to the Court this thirty-first day of July 1877, by James W. McKenney of Bethel in said District, a bankrupt, praying that he may have a full discharge from all his debts, provided under the Bankruptcy Act, and upon said petition, will be ordered by the Court, that a hearing be had upon the same, on the first Monday of October, A. D. 1877, before the Court in Portland, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and that notice thereof be published in the Oxford Democrat and the weekly Kennebec Journal, newspapers printed in said District, once a week for three successive weeks, the last publication to be three days at least before the day of hearing, and that all creditors who have proved their debts and other parties in interest, may appear at said time and place, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

WM. P. PIERCE, Clerk of District Court for said District, August 3, 1877.

1829, FRANKLIN 1876

Fire Insurance Company.

Total Assets, - \$3,500,000.

Insured by LOSS BY FIRE.

WM. J. WHEELER, Agent, South Paris, Me., Dec. 9, 1876

Agricultural.

From the Golden Rule.

Uncle Joe's Talk with the Boys.

I have a word to say to those boys who have fully made up their minds that they will not be farmers. You feel that you are not fitted for it; many long to become mechanics. You go to your daily labor as the slave to his task, feeling that you are compelled to do that which you have no taste for, and which you are not well suited to perform; or in other words, that your life is hedged in on every side. If you will stop to analyze those feelings you will find that oftentimes they come up because you feel just a little lazy. Haying and harvesting are hard work at the best. The mow and reaper have done much for you, but the crops of grass and grain cannot be harvested without much sweat, hard work. You work hard, often too hard, one day, but don't feel like doing anything the next, and as the work must be pushed if it is good weather, it is at such times you will find yourself saying, "I hate farming."

I have used the term "lazy," yet I do not mean it. I do not mean that you lack energy, or ambition, for you are first and foremost in every picnic or any doing that is got up in your neighborhood that calls out the energies of the young people. One reason why you feel so, is because you are growing fast, and your muscles have not yet become hardened so that you can endure a long season of hard work. If you take good care of yourself you will get past this after a while. No doubt you eat too much, you give your stomach more than it can do and do well. You know how it is if you are loading hay or grain and the man on the ground passes it to you faster than you can well take it, your load don't look very well, and is liable to turn over. You often use yourself just in that way.

What I have said about eating may be applied to drink; you drink too much cold water. The kidneys can't do the amount of work that you give them to do, so it happens that when the previous day was very warm and you drank much water, you feel a soreness in the back just above the hips, your head feels bad, and you say you don't feel like work, and don't like farming anyhow. This habit of drinking so much cold water in the harvest field is a very bad thing. I say "habit," for it is nothing else. You will notice the older people don't drink near as much as you boys; they have learned better. When you go to your dinner you drink two or three glasses of water at the table. And all this cold water has been taken when you are very warm. Now, you would not give your horses all they want when they are very warm; so you see that you don't take as good care of yourself as you do of your team.

You all well know that it is a good plan, after your team has worked hard all day, and sweat much, to clean them after supper, give them a good bedding, and in the morning they will come out bright and nice. Now, if you would do so with your own body you would feel much better. You only want one pair of water; the horse-barn is a good place. If you will put a pair of water in the sun at noon it will be just right when you use it. A sponge or cloth is all you want, and you will find that you can clean your body in half the time you can a horse. If you wish to feel well, don't try to sleep in the shirt you have worked in, but after you have sponged your body put on a night-shirt. And above all things, don't sleep where the wind will blow on you. I have said this much to remind you of a few things that many of you know already.

Now, let us turn our attention to those who are fully determined to leave the farm, and are anxious to become mechanics. As business is now, you will find it very difficult to obtain a situation in any good shop as an apprentice where it would be to your advantage to say nothing of very low wages. But, while you are waiting for better times, there is considerable mechanical skill that you can acquire just as well on the farm as anywhere. If you have laid by a little money, you can buy a square, hand-saw, half-inch, inch-and-a-half chisels, a brace and set of bits, a try-square, and for planes you will want a jack-plane, short-jointer and short smoothing-plane. Now, with these tools you can do many things; but I would counsel you to buy good ones. You will have to pay more, but they are worth more. And then you must learn to take care of them. You can learn that as well on the farm as anywhere, and you may rest assured it will be about the first thing the foreman of any good shop will teach you, to take good care of the tools and keep them in their proper place.

To keep your saw in order will require much practice; no directions can be given that will be of much benefit to you; but if you are determined to learn and can find some good old man who can do such things well, that will kindly show you how to hold the file and how to shape each tooth, it will be of great service to you. Whether you will ever learn to use tools or not depends on how well you like such things, and how much patience and perseverance you have. It is a hard thing to learn, and but few comparatively can do it well. When you have learned to plane and joint a board, frame a gate, or even a pig-pen, and do it well, you have done a good thing. No matter what trade you may learn you will never regret that you learned to use these tools. If you try your best you will improve on every job. But you will remember that these are only preliminary steps. Keep your eyes open, and the first chance you have (if you will leave the farm) go to some good shop and stay at that shop until you have learned your trade thoroughly. It looks bad for an apprentice to leave his boss. You see many dark days, but remember the bull dog, "When he gets a good hold heaven and earth can't make him let go."

A NON SEQUITUR.—The non sequitur is thus feelingly displayed in the postcard letter of a wife to her absent husband: "I am most sick, baby is under the doctor's care, and James and the other children have the measles. All the women are wearing back combs, and don't forget to write often. We all send love, and our house almost got on fire last night."

JANE.

Wages and Living.

Although wages have been pretty generally reduced during the last four years, they have not as a rule yet reached the average of 1860, much less of 1857-8. Common labor has fallen the most, as it always does, and the common laborer where he is paid strictly the lowest for which men will work, receives no more than in 1860. On the farms, the wages of common laborers have fallen, till a stout man boarding himself gets only \$1 per day for odd jobs. But the thrifty "hired man" who engages by the month, and is trusted to run things faithfully in the farmer's absence, has less difficulty in resisting a reduction. Fidelity can't be expected of the floating class of labor from the cities whose return to the fields reduce the wages of inferior service. In the same way, in all places of trust where reliability and wantonness of the duties have a high value, and where reductions would be likely to result in expensive substitution of new and untried men, employers put a certain value on these qualities and refrain from reducing wages. The wages of skilled labor, including railroad engineers and firemen, are consequently from thirty to fifty per cent. in advance of those of 1860, as the following tables of rates paid by local corporations shows:

	1860.	1877.
Engineers,	\$20	\$25.00 to 30.00
Firemen,	30	40 to 45
Brakemen,	30	40 to 45

The wages of compositors, to take another ready illustration, quite confirmatory of the present status of skilled labor, were twenty-five cents per thousand ems in 1853, twenty in 1857, twenty-eight in 1860, rising afterward to fifty during the inflationist period, and have now fallen to forty and quite generally to thirty-five per cent. on the wages of 1860.

Assuming as we may in general that the wages of skilled labor rose 100 per cent. (or doubled) during the period of expansion, we should conclude that two-thirds of that increase had been now swept away. Has the cost of living correspondingly declined? Without going into an elaborate investigation, we should say that it had approximately. Clothing and groceries have fallen nearly or quite to the rates of 1860; flour, for a few months, has been higher, but no higher, we think, than in 1850, and is falling; farm products and the products of the garden are now nearer the former standard of cheapness. Coal and kerosene were never so cheap. Rents are probably higher than in 1860 in all places which have increased largely in population, even after the great reductions which have taken place. Meat also is not as cheap in New England as formerly, and apparently never will be.

We do not regard the situation of skilled labor, therefore, as justifying the fierce and vain struggle which has been precipitated on the trunk lines against authority and property, or even a gloomy view of the future of those classes of labor. The tendency from these employments to the farms will gradually relieve them from the pressure for employment, as business revives. All classes have to meet their crisis in this national experience. The classes of wealth have met theirs, and those of labor must meet theirs. They can meet it best, not by rapine and bloodshed, but by laying off the habits of extravagance and personal indulgence and temperance which they have contracted in flush times.—Springfield Republican.

Tearing Flowers.

The Little Schoolma'am a few days ago, was showing the children how to press flowers; and she passed around two specimens, in perfect condition, which were pressed last summer in her fashion. Perhaps your Jack may as well give you a hint of it.

Her plan is to take a sheet of thin cotton-batting and lay the flowers carefully on it, covering them with another sheet, and then putting the whole under slight pressure. Sometimes when the flowers are thick, and contain a good deal of moisture, she puts them in fresh cotton the next day, and after that does not disturb them. But in pressing nearly all the same flowers, the cotton need not be changed at all, and not even opened until the flowers are pressed.

I noticed that the Little Schoolma'am pressed flowers had a soft bright look, in vases, or lays them between sheets of thin glass, and hangs them in her window in the winter, she says. They haven't at all the poor pinched, faded, flattened look of flowers prepared in other ways.

The Little Schoolma'am presses green leaves and ribbon-grass in the same way, keeping their color perfectly; and she told the children that when they wanted to pile a number of these double cotton layers together, it was better to lay a sheet of blotting-paper in between the sheets. Sometimes she says tissue paper between the flowers and the cotton; but it is of the thinnest kind.—Jack-in-the-Pulpit, St. Nicholas for August.

THE POTATO BEETLE.—It is a short-sighted business to leave the last broods to breed and increase, because the potatoes are past harm. This is seedling for a crop next year, which will perpetuate the vermin and make work for another season. If the late arrivals are destroyed, there will be very few another year. If a thorough work were made of this pest for one season by every one who grows potatoes, a very quick end could be made of it.

FALL-FALLOWING.—As a means of preparing land for spring crops, there is none better than what is known as fall-fallowing. Our dried season makes this as effective in cleaning the soil, as the English farmer's summer-fallow. Two plowings may be given, if necessary, before the winter, and a final deep plowing for the last, will leave the soil in fine condition in spring for root crops or corn. If any fall-fallowing is to be done, it should be begun at once.

MILCH Cows will need some fresh fodder as soon as the pastures have become dry and hard. Those who have provided some fodder crop will keep up the supply of milk; those who have not, will now regret their neglect. There are some farmers who make more than others, some make but little, but the best might often do a little better, and at this season this truth comes home.

—They take life easy in Mississippi.

Errors of Youth.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of his fellow sufferers, give the following hints, to the reader and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the experience of this gentleman, should address J. H. RAWSON, 144 Penn St., Williamsburg, New York.

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I will mail (Free) the recipe for preparing a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and BLOTCHES, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head, or on the face, by the use of a Vegetable & Co., Box 212, No. 5, West 21st St., N. Y.

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